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By SEWELL FORD

hears a chug-chuggin', and up the drive But say, this Gerald boy, alias Mr. But it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and rolls a cute little one-seater bubble, with nobody aboard but a Boston ter-like that. He just say, this Gerald boy, alias Mr. But it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n't my cue to do the fret-time but cut out the hold-up business and the say it wa'n the

rier and a boy. "Chee!" thinks I, "they'll be givin' better be going."
"They'll be givin' better be going."
"Where to?" says I. them gasolene carts to babies next. Wonder what fetches that kid in here?" Maybe he was a big ten or a small to sell the machine," says he. "I can his all streaked up with cryin', and one twelve; anyway, he wa'n't more. He's get a job there, too." one of these fine haired, light completed youngsters that a few years ago would have had yellow Fauntleroy curls and been rigged out in a lace collar and sheet with a few years all the friend he had left.

At that I goes to pumpin' him some terrier was all the friend he had left.

Gee! but that makes me feel mean! "Quick!" she sings out. "Watch the weirdest line of yarns I ever listened why, if I'd known he was goin' to rear and side doors. I'm sure he's believe," says she.

Now that was published the way I'd here." ilmost as healthy as if he was poor. "Hello, youngster!" says I. "Did you lose the shuffer overboard?"

"Beg pardon," says he; "but I drive

he was listenin' for somethin'. In a second he hears one of them big six-cylinder cars go hummin' past, and it seems to be what he was waitin' for.

"Goin' to stop, are you?" says I.
"Thank you," says he, "I will stay a little while if you don't mind," and he proceeds to shut off the gasolene and climb out. The dog follows him. "Givin' some one the slip?" says I.

"Oh, no," says he real prompt. I've been in a race, that's all." "Y-e-e-s?" says I. "Had a start, the office gave her some attention as

'A little," says he. With that he sits down on the steps, snuggles the terrier up alongside of by the porter with her trunk. It was a him and begins to look me and the very much belabeled trunk, and the place over careful, without sayin' any drawing room and the office transferred more. Course, that ain't the way boys their weary attention to that as Patrice usually act, unless they've got stage passed out of sight. Then they severally fright, and this one didn't seem at all wondered whether she also was from As near as I could guess he was thinkin' hard, so I let him take his time. I figures out from his looks and his showin' up in a runabout that he's rocking chair with the broken leg and come from some of them big country asked Kate a hundred questions. places near by, and that when he gets ready he'll let out what he's after. Sure enough. pretty soon he opens up.

"Wouldn't you like to buy the machine, sir?" says he. "Selling out, are you?" says I. "Well, what's your askin' price for a rig of that kind?"

He sizes me up for a minute and then sends out a feeler. "Would five dollars he too much?"

'No," says I, "I shouldn't call that a squeeze, providin' you threw in the long they sit upon the porch and em-He looks real worried then, and hugs

the terrier up closer than ever. "I have noticed the mountains. You got couldn't sell Togo," says he. "You— some more clothes in New York, Patyou wouldn't want him, too, would rice?" When I sees that it wouldn't take

much more to get them big blue eyes of his to leakin' I puts him easy on to look for the hat. "I ought not to "But what's your | the dog question. idea of sellin' the bubble?" says I. "Why," says he, "I won't need it any I'm going to be a motorman

on a trolley car." "That's a real swell job," says I. "But how will the folks at home take it?" "The folks at home?" says he, lookin' me straight in the eye. "Why, there sently. "There aren't any men." aren't any. . I haven't any home, you

Honest, the way he passed out that whopper was worth watchin'. It was Battenburg centerpiece," said Kate. done as cool and scientific as a real proceeding estate man takin' oath there wa'n't a mosquito in the whole county.

"Then you're just travelin' around loose, eh?" says I. ."Where'd you strike a pleasant man?" from today?' "Chicago," says he.
"Do tell!" says L. "That's quite a

"I had breakfast early," says he.

"Dinner in Buffalo?" says I. "I didn't stop for dinner," says he. "In that case-er-what's the name?"

"Mister Smith," says he "Easy name to remember," says I.

'Ye-e-s. I'd rather you call me Gerald, though," says he. "Good," says I. "Well, Gerald, seein' as you've made a long jump since breakfast, what do you say to grubbin'

up a little with me, eh?" That strikes him favorable, and as platter we goes inside and sits down, Enderleigh is authority for the fact that further inspirations. Togo and all. He sure didn't fall to like his family is undeniable. Therefore the "If you dare!" threatened Kate; but a half starved kid; but maybe that ladies would be willing to overlook his she was just dropping off when a a half starved kid; but maybe that was because he was so busy lookin' at menial position, but he seems not to white figure crept in through the open Mrs. Whaley. She ain't much on the French maid type, that's a fact. Her uniform is a checked apron over a spoke to him," acknowledged Patrice. faded red wrapper, and she has a way of puggin' her hair up in a little knob she said. that makes her face look like one of

Gerald eyes her for awhile; then he plied with a haughty nod. We rode leans over to me and whispers, "Is this from the station in entire silence side the butler's night off?" "Yes," says I. "He has seven a week. This is one of 'em.

the kind they cut out of a cocoanut.

After he's thought that over he grins "You mean you butler? Why, I thought everyone did." at any price

"There's a few of us struggles along without," says I. "We don't brag dress. about it, though. But where do you keep your butler now, Mr. Gerald?" That catches him with his guard am going to give the poor things a She wished Kate were there to approun, and he begins to look mighty treat; and that I am a treat in my best clate that—Kate, whose sketch book down, and he begins to look mighty

"Oh, come," says I, "you might's well own up. You've brought the runaway act right down to the minute, son; but, barrin' the details, it's the same old game. I done the same when I was your age, only instead of runnin' off in a thousand-dollar bubble, I sneaked that don't live in Boston live in Cam-

into an empty freight car" wide. "Was it nice, riding in the freight South Cambridge, or Newton, or Dor-

Say, I don't know whether I'll ever get to be a reg'lar week-ender or not, but I've been makin' another stab at It. What's the use ownin' property in blank cartridge pistol, a scalar will be a say I. "Seein' as this is a gether in the spare bed.

"Now," says I, "seein' as this is a gether in the spare bed.

"Now," says I, "seein' as this is a down to feel what's happened to his clinches it. It was wrote kind of wob-fam'ly affair—"

"I beg pardon," puts in Greene, "but blank cartridge pistol, a scalar what he was ambitious to do damage, but blank cartridge pistol, a scalar what he situation.

and farm superintendent, and everything else a three-acre plot will stand
for. Then, about supper time, as I'm
just settlin' myself on the front porch
with my heels on the stoop rail, wonwith my heels on the stoop rail, wondesired address of the sold sak day and sak to know."
First I calls up two or three village
and wants to know."
First I calls up two or three village
and wants to know."
First I calls up two or three village
form superintendent, and everythat shad sak to know."
First I calls up two or three village
form superintendent, and everythat shads the sold sak to know."

First I calls up two or three village
form superintendent, and everythat shads to know."

First I calls up two or three village
form says I, cedent says I,
and wants to know."

First I calls up two or three village
form says I, cedent says I,
and wants to know."

First I calls up two or three village
form says I, cedent says I,
and wants to know."

First I calls up two of myself in the stoop, "but this is one place in the
would get humorous!"

When I goes back down stairs I finds
with a you the down stairs I finds
you?" she shoots out. And say, by the
wanted. And another thing, let's not
you?" she shoots out. And say, by the
wanted. Skipned."

When I goes back down stairs I finds
you?" she shoots out. And another thing, let's not
you?" she shoots out. And say, by the
wanted. Skipned."

"I don't want to butt in on any tenwouldn't had word of any stray kid.

When I goes back down stairs I finds
you?" she shoots out. And say, by the
she with a work in eac.

First I calls up two or three village
form the definition of myself in the stray in the stoop in the

and a black velvet suit, and had a nurse but he was a willin' one. Quick as I'd hung around and cheered him up. He'd And the mugs pile out and proceed it? You wouldn't think I'd need postin' turns her back on him. He's a clean- bunch. They was both fresh lots. to lead him around by the hand. But the new crop of young Astergould Thickwads is bein' trained on different lines. This kid was a good sample. His lines. This kid was a good sample. His lines a clean-but think I d need postin' turns her back on him. He's a clean-but the new crop of young Astergould the hand. But the new crop of young Astergould Thickwads is bein' trained on different lines. This kid was a good sample. His lines a clean-but think I d need postin' turns her back on him. He's a clean-but the same point and proceed it. You wouldn't think I d need postin' turns her back on him. He's a clean-but the same point and cheeted him up. He'd been so brash about this runaway busi-been so brash about they was sayin' at the clubs cut, square jawed young feller, and by the hand. But themselves around the house. On what they was sayin' at the clubs cut, square jawed young feller, and by the hand. But themselves around the house. This wouldn't think I'd need postin' turns her back on him. He's a clean-but themselves around the house. They was both tresh lots.

The was a whim one. Quick as I'd the lines hered him up. He'd it hand the lines hered him up. He'd the lines hered him up. The different was sayin' at the clubs cut, square jawed young feller, and by the hand. But themselves around the house. They was both tresh lots.

This kid was a good sample was a wind and cheered him up. He'd it hand the lines hered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a wind and cheered him up. The different was a tow colored hair is just long enough to killin' off his relations one by one and when they're asleep, don't they? tousle nice, and he's bare headed at then bunchin' 'em in a railroad wreck guess I must have put in the next two she that. Then he's got on corduroy knick- or an earthquake. But he sticks to hours wonderin' how it was that a ers, a khaki jacket, black leather leggin's, and gauntlet gloves and he looks last, although the nearest he can get come to quit home. If he'd come from give up the boy without any trouble I "Sure," says it, and if you'll she goes on.

"They are," says she, "and if you'll she goes on.

"They are," says she, "and if you'll she goes on.

"Sure," says I. "I'll bring him down." ald was here. I'll take charge of him. ers, a khaki jacket, black leather leg- Chicago as the place where he lived nice, bright youngster like that should to the street number is by sayin' it was a will pay you just twice as much as was somewhere near Central park.
"That happens to be in New York," maw rushin' the can and usin' the can are can and usin' the can and usin' the can are can and usin' the can are can and usin' the can are says I.

she mounted the stairway, preceded by

the west and whether she was as re-

Meanwhile Patrice sat happily in the

"Yes," said Kate, "the place is lovely

It is more than that, it is a New Eng.

land lyric with pine woods and high

green hills and rocks and brooks and

Kate dropped her voice. Also she

dropped herself upon the floor beside

broider. Occasionally they pause to se

"Only that blouse and a hat," said

Kate shook her head and proceeded

have left you even for a week," she

"What else do the people do?" in

"The men don't embroider, do they?"

and was trying it on; she spoke ab-

"There must be one or two: there al-

'Well, there is the husband of the

"Floyd-I've forgotten his last name

Who is the man that met me at the

"He wasn't really responsive when I

Kate laughed. "What did you do?"

"Kept still, of course, and when

"New experience for you,"

asked if that was all my luggage, re-

mented Kate. "Where did you get this

"I haven't unpacked one dress-up

" she paused modestly.

an interest beyond embroidery.

they all New Englanders?

"Any one who isn't a husband?

they bite. Who else?"

to you, and he glides."

member this lace sunshade.

see their advances."

"Is that all?"

station?

by side."

"Embroider," said Kate.

bird calls in the rhythm of it."

your voice there is a reservation.

the trunk and began to unlock it.

Patrice, guiltily.

murmured.

ways are.

quired Patrice.

"It is the people," she said.

served as her friend. Miss Lawrence.

and remarks, quiet like, "I guess I'd turns in, to see that he was safe. And better be going."

"Maybe if I knew who you was, white better be going."

"Maybe if I knew who you was, white better be going."

"Maybe if I knew who you was, white say, that one look gets me all broke up, for when I tiptoes in with the can-distribution of the look gets with the candidate of the look gets with the size of the look gets with the size of the look gets with the say. Then this is Rutgers' work. Oh, the look gets with the candidate of the look gets with the lame?

"Maybe if I knew who you was, white lame?

"She was so mad she was white beast." around the lips, but she's one of the look gets with the candidate of the look gets with the candidate of the look gets with the size of it, says I. "Then this is Rutgers' work. Oh, the look gets with the candidate of the look gets with the candidate of the look gets with the size of it, says I. "It is a look at the kind that knew who you was, white lame?

"That's the size of it, says I. "Then this is Rutgers' work. Oh, the look gets with the candidate of the look gets with the size of it, says I. "It is a look to the look gets with the candidate of the look gets with the look gets with the size of it, says I. "It is a look gets with the lo ys I. poker on him, you wouldn't think any-"There are two in Chicago," says he. thing of it. But here he has his bubble

set to be a reg'lar week-ender or not, but I've been makin' another stab at it. What's the use ownin' property in the country house belt if you don't use it now and then? So last Saturday, after I shuts up the studio, I scould in Frimrose Park.

Well, I puts in the afternoon with Dennis Whaley, who's head gardener and farm superintendent, and everyngen for thing else a three-acre plot will stand for the weight and the war path then. My outfile was a gether in the spare bed.

Who's the little lad?" says Dennis day than No. 2 come up. He acts like was ambitious to do, damage but the war shift on when I sees a big green tourin' car come dashin' down into the park and out to first takes each of 'em by the setudio, I scould in the third punch leaves him on the gether in the spare bed.

Who's the little lad?" says Dennis day that hook was agettin' on when I sees a big green tourin' car come dashin' down into the park and of nickel lib'ries that told all about Individual and the war path then. My outfile was some streaked, "Who's the little lad?" says Dennis day that hook de from the kitchen and a couple of nickel lib'ries that told all about Individual and the war path then. My outfile was some streaked, "Who's the little lad?" says Dennis day that hook de from the kitchen and a couple of nickel lib'ries that told all about Individual to do, damage but they at the was ambitious to do, damage but the was ambitious to do, damage but they at the was sorry he had to tell so of nickel lib'ries that told all about Individual to do, if we was ambitious to do, damage but the spellin was some streaked, "Who's the little lad?" says Dennis day that how the house after 9 o'clock and I was just thinkin' on what he was ambitious to do, damage liave than No. 2 come up. He eats like was ambitious to do, damage liave than No. 2 come up. He acts like was some streaked, "Who's the little lad?" says Dennis for him, the third punch leaves him on the gether in the spell in what the was some

me one glare, and then whirls around says she.

twelve; anyway, he wa'n't more. He's get a job there, too." arm around Togo, like he thought that and shouts at a couple of tough lookin' one of these fine haired, light com- At that I goes to pumpin' him some terrier was all the friend he had left. bruisers that was in the car.

"Private sleut's?" says I.

"Well, well!" says I. "Beg pardon," says he; "but I drive my own machine."

my own machine."

"There are two in Chicago," says I. "I give mocks on the door and calls again.

"There was nothin' doin', though. I was feelin' ike it was a like it was a lone hand; but before you start out again you'd better get a good night's he was listenin' for somethin'. In a sec
"Beg pardon," says he; "but I drive my own machine."

"There was nothin' doin', though. I was feelin' like it was a like it was a like it was a lone hand; but before you start out again you'd better get a good night's think any-thing of it. But here he has his bubble and his high priced terrier, and thing of it. But here he has his bubble and his high priced terrier, and thing of it. But here he has his bubble and his high priced terrier, and this high priced terrier.

"Well, well." says I.

"There was nothin' doin', though. I had on a cellulal war in the door a cellulal war in the door a cellulal war in the door a

with my heels on the stoop rail, wonderin' how folks can ever live all the
time where nothin' ever happens, I you."

'phone number and I'll ring up the
lived down in Hester street there'd be
suspicious way she looks at me you'd have any more talk about me bein'
four thousand cops huntin' him up by
thought I'd been breakin' into some
number and I'll ring up the
folks, so they won't be worryin' about
thought I'd been breakin' into some
number.

I throws up my hands. "Skipped,"
this time."

I throws up my hands. "Skipped,"
says I.

"Oh, yes," says I. "From down on

"Those men are in my employ," says offhand that I didn't more'n half tum- came to an argument. But he begins how long I'll be gone. From what I've ble to what she meant.

"I suppose I may have Gerald now?"

There was nothin' doin', though. I

"Do you mean to say he has gone? "That's the size of it," says I.

"this is a case of-But just then another big bubble the point?"

"Mr. Greene lives at Orienta Point, I and the one that jumps out and joins and the one that jumps out and joins are not the fam'ly. I comes dashin' up with four men in it, lady, wringin' her hands. us is the main stem of the fam'ly. I know the kid by sight?" says I. Now that was plain enough, wa'n't could see that by the way the lady

calm enough.

He admits that he has.

He's been gone since daylight."
"Gone!" says Greene. "Where?"

"There's no tellin' that," says I. "All know is that when he left here he was headed for the railroad track, meanin' to jump a freight train and--' "The railroad!" squeals Mrs. Greene. 'Oh, he'll be killed! Oh, Gerald! Ger-

Greene don't say a word, but he turns the color of a slice of Swiss cheese "Oh, what can we do?" says the "Any of them detectives of yours

They didn't. Neither did Greene's seen I can guess that this cottage will "I'm Rutgers Greene," says he, "and be a little small for you two, but if

And with that I grabs my hat and makes a dash out the back way, leavin' 'em standin' there back to back. I "Then chase 'em off the grounds be- never tracked a runaway kid along a railroad, and I hadn't much notion of how to start, but I makes for the rock "If they're not needed," says he, "and ballast just as though I had the plan all mapped out.

The first place I came across was a switch tower and I hadn't chinned the operators three minutes before I gets on to the fact that an east bound freight usually passed there about 6 in the mornin', and generally stopped to drill on the siding just below. was enough to send me down the track, but there wa'n't any traces of the kind.

"New Haven for me, then," says I, and by good luck I catches a local. Maybe that was a comfortable ride, Patrice dashed in her foreground with watchin' out of the rear window for rapid strokes half an inch from the somethin' I was hopin' I wouldn't see! page. Then she closed the book and And when it was over I hunts up the yard master and finds the freight I was

"Expectin' a consignment?" says he. "Yes," says I. "I'm a committee of

"Oh, that's it, eh?" says he. "We get age to offer him a tip! Nothing would 'em most every week. I'll see that so completely restore her to the Lady you have a pass to overhaul the

After I'd peeked into about a doze box cars and dug up nothin' more encouraging than a couple of boozy 'boes, begun to think my calculations was very faint pink suffused her face again. all wrong. I was just slidin' another door shut when I notices a bundle of somethin' over in the far corner. I had has been," he answered gravely, and she half a mind not to climb in, for it was half way to the house before it didn't look like anything alive, but came to her wrathful consciousness that takes a chance at it for luck, and the every sound from the broad a in "can't" first thing I hears is a growl. The next minute I has Togo by the collar and the kid up on my arm. It was Gerald all right, though he was that dirty and rumpled I hardly knew him.

He just groans and grabs hold of me Adamson's impertinences. "He is un- like he was afraid I was goin' to get doubtedly a Socialist-so many college away. Why, the poor little cuss was men are-and he is determined that I so beat out and scared I couldn't get shall see his contempt for rank." She a word from him for half an hour. But gave an approving glance at herself in after awhile I coaxed him to sit up on the hall mirror as Kate dragged her a stool and have a bite to eat, and nearer the door. Her fair hair was done when I've washed off some of the grime high and actiny gold band lay across it and pulled out a few splinters from with something of a coronet effect. Her his hands we gets a train back. First blue gown was cut out enough to show off I thought I'd phone Mr. and Mrs. Greene, but then I changes my mind. "Maybe it'll do 'em good to wait,' thinks I.

> We was half way back when Gerald looks up and says, "You won't take me home, will you?" "What's the matter with home, kid? savs I.

"Well," says he, and I could see by the struggle he was havin' with his upper lip that it was comin' out hard, 'mother says father isn't a nice man and father says I mustn't believe what she says at all, and-and-I don't think I like either of them well enough to be their little boy any more. I don't like being stolen so often, either." "Stolen?" says I.

"Yes," says he. "You see, when I'm with father, mother is always sending men to grab me up and take me off where she is. Then father sends men to get me back, and-and I don't believe I've got any real home any more. That's why I ran away. Wouldn't

"Kid," says I, "I ain't got a word to He was too tired and down in the

mouth to do much conversin', either, All he wants to do is curl up with his head against my shoulder and go to sleep. After he wakes up from his nap he feels better, and when he finds we're goin' back to my place he gets quite chipper. All the way walkin' up from the station I tries to think of how it would be best to break the news to him about the grand household scrap that was due to be pulled off the minute we shows up. I couldn't do it, though, until we'd got clear to the

"Now, youngster," says I, "there's a little surprise on tap for you here, guess. You walk up soft and peek

For a minute I thought maybe they'd cleared out, he was so still about it, so I steps up to rubber too. And there's Mr. and Mrs. Rutgers Greene, sittin' on the sofa about as close as they could get, her weepin' damp streaks his shirt front and him pattin' her back hair gentle and lovin'.

"Turn off the sprayer!" says I. 'Here's the kid!" Well, we was all mixed up for the next few minutes. They hugs Gerald both to once, and then they hugs each other, and if I hadn't ducked just as I did I ain't sure what would have happened to me. When I comes back half an hour later all I needs is one glance to see that a let of private sleut's and court lawyers is out of a job.

'Shorty," says Greene, givin' me the hearty grip, "I don't know how I'm ever going to-"Ah, lose it!" says I. "It was just

by a fluke I got on the job anyway. That's a great kid of yours, Did I say anything about Primrose Park bein' a place where nothin' ever happened? Well, you can scratch that

Error in Estimates BY JEANNETTE COOPER. Patrice was the only arrival by the comes all unsought and suddenly, you



"I can do the English fine," she said."

'Not I!" 'that I'll be an actress or a countess

something." Kate put the lace sunshade into "The men?" Kate had found the hat drawer and looked at her friend. Pat- the Battenburg center piece: "Notice ner. His rather shabby coat had a corned was trying it on; she spoke ab- rice's Irish eyes were lighted with de- her walk!" she breathed. "English!" rect individuality. Something about

"I didn't say they were imbeciles." said Kate. "I wouldn't, of course, claim any-

with her investigations. thing." Patrice unheeded the interpo-"Just drop a coroneted handkerchief on the grass or carelessly leave "Mr. French. He smiles. Do you like photograph with an inscription, 'To the Honorable Patricia Lithgow,' or 'To "Certainly not: I prefer them when the Brightest Ornament of the English Stage.' I rather incline to the couness, though; it seems more appropriday's run. You must have left before He suppresses his voice when he speaks ate for Boston. Shall we? It would make 'em sit up."

Kate reposed in the window seat and "The two southern girls are expecting waited until such time as her friend cousin. They are thin and dark-the should see fit to be rational. wo southern girls-and are always "And I'll do my hair English and leaning against each other. They are leave off my g's. Remember that Lady doing marguerite wreaths on blue denim Evelyn Maud at the pension in Florpillow covers-very sweet! I don't reence? And we'll act as if we were try-

ing to conceal my lofty station. Kate. it will be a joyful thing!" "They were having a sale of them. It seemed improvident not to get one. Kate smiled indulgently. "Also," added Patrice, "it will give ne an excellent opportunity to snub "Mr. Robert Adamson. He has been that Harvard young man. How fortutaking graduate work at Harvard and nate our rooms connect, Kate, so I can Mother Whaley is just bringin' in the now drives the Holners' horses. Miss wake you up in the night if I have any

"I am going to register as Mary Pa tricia Muriel Beatrice Lithgow," a low voice trembling with enthusi-"If you come in here again, Pat, shall lock the door," said Kate.

Patrice came out of the broad from oor, a sketch book in her hand. Floyd and Mr. French sprang forward as one man, proffering tennis rackets and diand Mr. French sprang forward as lating on the refreshing shadiness of the court. Patrice looked sweetful re-"It was marked down. When you gretful. see me in it you will consider it cheap

"I am really too shockingly out of she said. "Besides, I am going sketching-quite by myself." in laughing refusal to two immediate to carry her sketch book. "I can't draw Your description arouses my pity. I at all when there is any one about.' was that she carried against the det "Certainly!" in a tone of advanced arm now, and with another regretful an interest beyond arm to give them the steps and off across the lawn. And as she went the eyes of the embroider-"They are," said Kate. "All of them ing ladies were lifted to follow.

There could be no doubt that the

sible, it was undeniable that a new inory of Lady Evelyn Maud of the Flor-

which she seated herself upon a stump was hidden from the house, but some at hime as from a great distance. one might be approaching from the other direction. Some one was approaching, a tall young man with a thin, in my sketch." She eyed him serenely, well modeled face and a good deal of dark hair brushed very smooth. He eyes. carried his hat in his hand and was

reading a letter. Patrice held her pencil at a workman like poise and dropped her gaze to a blank page of Kate's sketch book. Then quite against her intention she looked up. Their eyes met across the Holners' brook and she gave him what she characterized as a snippy little He returned it with an easy bow

and came to a standstill. "There are some good bits further down," he said, "a fallen tree and some moss-covered stones-just the sort of things that girls always have in their cadence in his pleasant voice.

Miss Lithgow narrowed her pretty eyes in imitation of Kate and held her g pencil as if she expected momentarily to begin. The young man waited: presently he spoke. "Does it annoy you to have me here, Miss Lithgow?

"Not at all, Mr. Adamson," with a little accenting of her accent and an air of tolerance toward the lower orders. "I had really forgotten you were

"I am obliged to recall myself to your memory," he said, "because I have a bit of your property."
Patrice looked up quickly, and the delicate color, like a reflection from a hand, a particularly fine and dainty handkerchief, having in one corner a tiny coronet which Miss Lithgow had wasted the Holners' gas to embroider. "It is yours, isn't it?" said the young

Patrice achieved an air of bored aciescence. "May I ask you to leave it in the office?" she said. He looked at the jolly little mountain stream that rattled between them, then he looked at the handkerchief again, and so by proper gradations back to the

young woman on the other side of the bridge, or Newton, or Dorchester, or "Did you?" says he, his eyes openin' Roxbury, or East or West or North or vide. "Was it nice, riding in the freight ar?"

bridge, or Newton, or Dorchester, or mission was having a successful begin- young woman on the other side of the brook.

South Cambridge, or Newton, or Dorchester, or ning. Whether the photograph left just one day to the observation of the chambermaid of whether the accent and return it to you in person," he said.

"About dryads?" He ended her sentence as she paused. "No, I never
one day to the observation of the chambermaid of whether the accent and return it to you in person," he said.

"Have you told them anything about | the air of Patrice alone were respon- | "There are stepping stones further down terest hummed in the air. Even the Patrice watched with mingled feelings shoulders and her graceful neck. "I believe," said Patrice reflectively, lady who was trying to beat her own as he turned and disappeared among isn't what it ought to be for the Britrecord on a pink crocheted afghan laid the trees. He had an athletic swing ish nobility," she had complained as down her long white needle an instant to his shoulders that seemed to match to nod significantly at her neighbor of the easy lack of ceremony in his man- all sense of decency even for a misrect individuality. Something about It was English, being in loving mem- him made a guarantee from Miss Enderleigh or any one else seem absurd Also the pose with However, it could not be denied that from the Lady Evelyn Mand standpoint beside the Holners' brook was copied he had taken a liberty. She banished from the same aristocratic source. Pa- all unprofitable speculations on the attrice was too much of an artist to drop tractiveness of his smile and kept that her role while the possibility of an au-dience remained. Where she sat she upon her side of the brook she gazed "Oh!" she called, "won't you stand

> ignoring the smile that leaped to his Patrice took her measurements with a professional air, surveying him as if he were an inanimate part of the landscape. She had to narrow her eyes a good deal to keep him from seeing the enjoyment in them, especially when, holding the book at arm's length, she made several marks in the air with-

out touching the page. "Will it interfere with the pose if I talk?" inquired the young man. She erased an imaginary line and tipped her head back to survey the

"It might" she said, with a little lift of her lashes not copied from Evelvn Maud. Then, to make up, she looked with cold impersonality at his feet and irew some more imaginary lines in Kate's book

"I wish to tell you where I found your ndkerchief," he said. The image of Lady Evelyn Maud and the native curiosity of Patrice Lithgow had a brief struggle. The latter won.
"Where did you?" she said.
"In the pine woods," he answered. "

vas there yesterday and I saw a girl in a green gown with a green and gold olume of verses in her hand. I thought she was a dryad and looked to see a tree trunk open to receive her, but she glided slenderly down the long aisle of the pines and disappeared, leaving only her handkerchief on the brown needles." "How did you know it was verses?" ignoring the rest of the spe

"By her face. I could not imagine her taking a novel into the woods to make a third with her and Nature. Patrice did a few lines with her head arm's length and surveyed the spotless page. Another struggle was going Again Evelyn Maud lost. "Did they teach you at Harvard-

began Patrice.

"I am greatly obliged," she said, with lookin' for was just about due. the cold sweetness that belongs to the

countess of fiction. Her hand fell to the tiny gold purse that dangled from one to receive a stray kid.' a chatelaine. If only she had the cour-Evelyn Maud standard, especially if it were a small tip. She glanced at hfm. His eyes were literally dancing with delighted expectancy. Miss Lithgow's hand dropped to her side. The "I am greatly obliged," she repeated. "I can't tell you what a pleasure it

to the long e in "been" had out-Englished her own studied pronunciation.
"I know why he does it," said Patrice. She halted Kate outside the dining room door to finish the tale of Mr. a little of the soft whiteness of her she put it on, "but one can't sacrifice sion" She held her head a little higher as Kate urged her through the door.
"After this," she breathed determined-

ly, "I shall simply not see him. It is the only way. Half way down the room her graclous blue eyes, resting here and there upon an acquaintance, fell suddenly upon a dark-haired young man. He was leaning a little forward to listen to something his companion was saving and his eyes, dark, humorous, met Miss

Lithgow's in a direct gaze. An instant's hesitation on her par preceded a frigid nod. The humor deepened in his eyes; he smiled and bowed And Patrice, with slightly heightened olor and slightly accelerated step, proceeded to her own place and sank into the chair Mr. French pulled out for her. She bent to Kate as soon as the conversation about them was sufficient

"He has on a dress coat," she ob-Kate nodded and helped herself to

"He has never been in the dining room before when we have."
"No!" Kate was trying to catch the waiter's eves.

"And now he comes "Well? Some bread, please"-this to

"Don't you see? It is simply carryng out his policy of ridiculing social listinctions. I shall- Why yes Mr French. I think it would be charming Mr. French is planning a drive to Squaw Hill, Kate. Fancy that name sn't it too delightful? I shall simply ignore him from this on Kate I am-Almost any day, Mr. French, Do voi see, Kate, he is standing while Miss Enderleigh leaves the table. Another slap at the forms of society.

"He does it quite naturally "But the motive is evident. Saturday would do admirably, Mr. French. See, Kate, now that Miss Enderleigh is gone he doesn't take the trouble to speak to "He probably doesn't know anything about cross-stitch and pink afghans."

"He Oh! one of those delightful buckboards, Mr. French. A motor car mountain roads is so uncertain, isn't it? I remember, once in the Highlands " Patrice had a way of coming to an abrupt stop which was very successful in arousing a look of eager interest on the countenances of the Holners' guests. Now she plunged into a series of questions about Squaw Hill. "I'm very keen about New England," she said. "the history, you know—Pocahontas and all that."

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